



Puck

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TRYING IT ON.

HANNA AND PLATT. — Vell, vell, vell, vat a magnifercent fit!



ADVICE.

HEN THE damsel at Newport
For the festive titled chap
On the shore and in the billows
Sets her matrimonial cap,—

First, she'd better have a lawyer
Take in hand the merry peer
And examine well his title
If she'd ever read it clear.

R. K. Munkittrick.

READY TO REPUDIATE.

MAMA.—Well, you did n't suppose the girls and I could get ready to go to the country without spending *some* money?

PAPA.—Oh, no!—but the way the bills are coming in is enough to—to—well, it's enough to drive a man into advocating fifty-cent dollars!



IF THE plutocrats could form a coalition with the would-be plutocrats, the rest of mankind would be in a hopeless minority.



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HOT WORK.

CUSTOMER.—What's that terrible rumpus upstairs about?
BARTENDER.—Oh! that's the meeting of the International Peace Arbitration Society.



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HIS VIEW.

HE URCHIN.—Say, Mag, did yer hear de lady as just went in dere tell de little girl what she has wid her as she could have all she wanted ter eat?

SHE URCHIN.—Yes.

HE URCHIN.—Well, dat was all a bluff. Dere 's two pies left in de winder, an' dey 're bote gittin' up from de table.

ABOUT BRITONS.

"Rudyard Kipling says, in his last poem, we must beware of his country when his country grows polite."

"He is right. Affectation is always dangerous."

TO MAINTAIN THE PARITY.

JONES.—They say that Raines will introduce another bill next session.

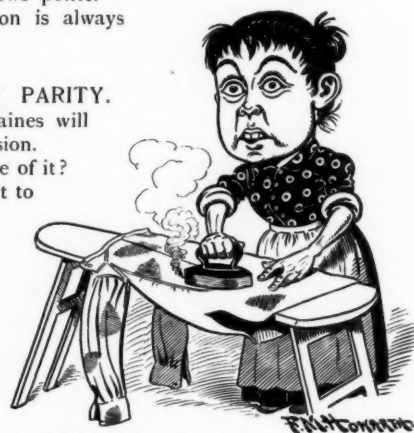
SMITH.—What is the nature of it?

JONES.—He calls it "An act to equalize the consumption of beer and sandwiches."

A RUMOR.

BROWN.—Do you think Hanna will run the administration if McKinley is elected?

JENKINS.—I suppose so. I hear that Hanna has promised him a renomination if his administration is satisfactory.



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"A REGULAR SCORCHER."

THE REASON why a poster exhibition is worse than a welsh rabbit dream is because it is real.



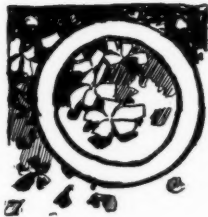
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HER FEAR.

MOTHER.—Mary, that young Spinners has been paying a great deal of attention to you of late. Do you think he means business?

MARY (*with a faraway look*).—I am afraid he does, Mother. He is the agent for a bicycle firm, and he has done nothing but try to sell me a bicycle ever since he has been coming here.

THE FIEND.



NCE, UPON a midnight dreary,
While I smoked my cigarette,
Thinking of the long day, weary,
Thinking soon to bed I'd get,

Suddenly there came a rattle,
Rattle on my window pane,
As when shot-like hail does battle
With the early April rain.

Startled was I from my dozing,
But wits dulled by somnolence
Guessed at naught, and, eye-lids closing,
Dream-thoughts wandered hence and thence.

Dozed I till another patter
Brought me waking like a flash.
"What the deuce is all this clatter?"
And I went and raised the sash.

Then, the myst'ry to unravel,
Gazed I down into the lane—
There stood Sprockets, throwing gravel
At my upstairs window pane.

"What the —;" but he interrupted—
With enthusiasm cried,
Like the crank he is, corrupted:
"Take an early morning ride?"

Wood Levette Wilson.

TWO OF A KIND.

REV. DR. PRIMROSE.—You should make your husband accompany you to church. It is n't right that he should stay at home reading the Sunday papers.

MRS. CRAWFORD.—I don't see that it would make any difference. You both put him to sleep.

IN DOUBT.

"I saw a manly young person on a bicycle to-day."
"Male or female?"

IF SOMEBODY could discover the secret of perpetual motion, it is likely that somebody else would make a fortune out of it.

A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.

COBWIGGER.—It's no wonder he became a millionaire, for he is the best business man I ever saw.

MERRITT.—I guess that's so. Before he announced his daughter's engagement to the Count he advanced the fellow enough to settle all his debts at fifty cents on the dollar.



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FORTUNATE.

RESTFUL RAGGLES.—Yer don't know wot it is ter lose a good husband, do yer, Ma'am?

MRS. FARMER.—No, sir.

RESTFUL RAGGLES.—I'm glad uv dat! I'm sick uv havin' his ole clo'es offered to me, w'en I ask fer grub.

WOMEN'S WAYS.



DINNER WAS over at the Columbus Flatte's. Mrs. Flatte was lying on the lounge, convalescing from a sprained ankle.

The dinner for the first time in some weeks had been up to its usual excellence. This was owing to Mrs. Flatte's having on that day resumed supervision of the *menu*.

Mr. Flatte drew his smoking chair up to the table, lit a cigar, took the evening paper out from the pocket of his jacket, and was just settling himself for an hour's solid comfort when his wife said:

"Columbus, dear, I don't want to vex you, but you've set the drop-light into the blanc-mange."

"So I have," said Mr. Flatte, good-naturedly, and proceeding to wipe the bottom of the light with his pocket-handkerchief. "That comes of lighting the drop before I set it down. Looking down through the light I thought the blanc-mange was a pattern of the table-cloth."

Mr. Flatte made a move to resume his chair.

"Columbus, dear," said his little wife, plaintively, "would you mind fixing my pillows for me once more before you sit down. No one else but you, not even Mother, fixes them so they fit anywhere."

Very patiently, and very deftly, too, Mr. Flatte arranged the pillows, changed the position of the hurt foot, and then got at his paper again.

Silence reigned for about five minutes. Then Mrs. Flatte fidgeted a little and said:

"Columbus, I wish you would n't use a soiled plate for your ashes. I'm always buying ash-trays. Seems to me I never go to Redstars for anything but ash-trays and curling tongs, and there's a million of them on the mantel-piece."

Mr. Flatte got up and supplied himself with an ash-tray.

Quiet for five minutes more, and then:

"You really must excuse me, dear, for interrupting you this way, but I've been so lonesome all day; just dying for somebody to talk to;—such a shame of me, too, when you've been so good to me since I've been sick!—but do you remember an old school friend of mine,—Andy Garrison we used to call her, because she looked so much like her father?"

Mr. Flatte said he did not remember.

"Oh, I am sure, you must, Columbus! Her mother was a very pious woman and wore a wig."

Still Columbus did not remember.

"Well, anyway, when they were first married and keeping house like we are, she used to sing in church, and every Sunday morning her husband did the housework for her while she was at church, and even pared the vegetables. Mrs. Rounds said she'd be back at nine o'clock, but she may be drunk, and I'm sure the butter is running all over that hot kitchen! If you only would take the dinner things out and set them on the tubs, and put the food into the refrigerator!"

"Look here, Alicia!" said Mr. Flatte, getting up not at all impatiently, but with a very firm expression in his cleft chin, "I'll get these things out of here in a jiffy if you'll agree not to give me any instructions. — You know how I am when I start in to do housework, — I don't want any interference!"

Mrs. Flatte agreed; and Mr. Flatte, telling her that if she broke her word he'd leave the house, went to work with a vim.

He put five separate parcels of butter into the ice-box. Then he scraped the leavings of the plates, including the pie and stewed tomatoes, into the coffee-box. He put the big platter of meat into the ice-box, and when he found the door would n't shut he left it open. He got the dishes all out without dropping one; the soiled plates piled methodically, with napkins in between. For a moment he stood hesitating with a loaf of bread in his hand, and then threw it out of the window. Finally he shook the table-cloth into the corner of the room, tossed it into a light roll, and kicked it under the lounge. Then he got to his



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CHARITY BETTING.

CHOLLY.—Do you think it is very wicked in me to bet on the races?

ETHEL.—No;—not if you patronize some poor bookmaker who really needs the money.

reading again, remarking, airily, that he "did n't see what women wanted to make such an almighty fuss about a little bit of housework for, anyway."

Madeline Orvis.

REGRET.

BUSINESS MAN.—Yes; I'm sure it is a useful book. I'm rather sorry I did n't get it some time ago.

CANVASSER.—Then you'll take a copy?

BUSINESS MAN.—Oh, no! It's too late now! But if I had it before you called it might have saved both of us a great deal of valuable time.

BEYOND ARBITRATION.

THE DUKE OF CADMINSTER.—So, though you are intensely American, you would n't mind being an English duchess, eh?

SHE.—No;—but for one thing.

HE.—Your democratic education?

SHE.—No;—I would have to marry an English duke.

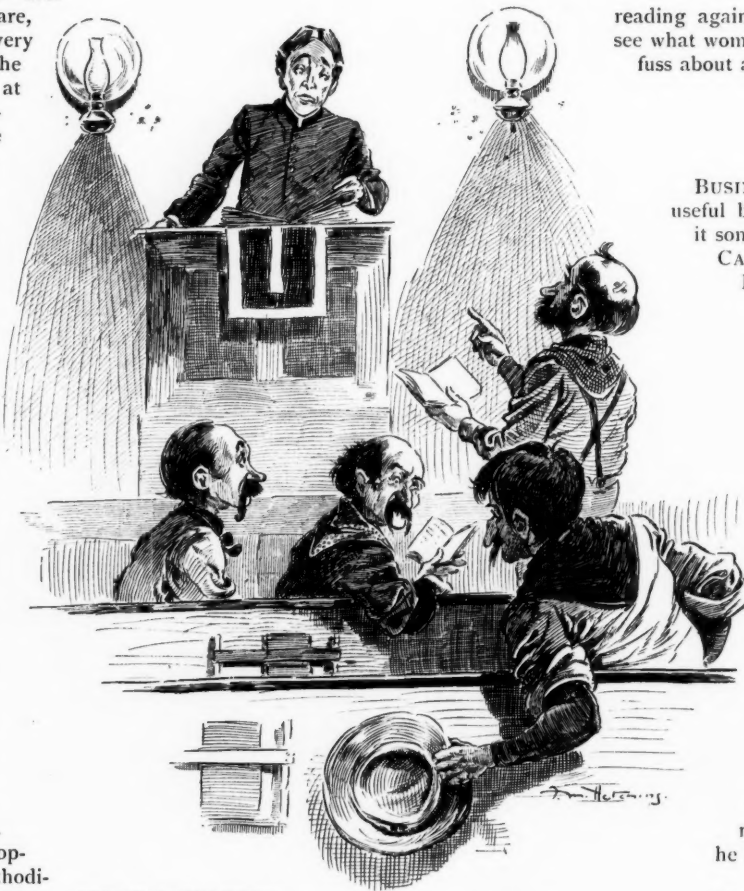
A POINTER ON SKEPTICISM.

BROBSON.—I'm a good deal of a skeptic!

CRAIK.—Well, skepticism is dead easy. All a man has to do is to refuse to believe whatever he can not comprehend; and the bigger fool he is, the greater skeptic he becomes.

IF YOU can make another man believe that you know more than he does, you are a genius.

POSSESSION is nine points of the law, the tenth being the fee of the lawyer who is trying to get possession.



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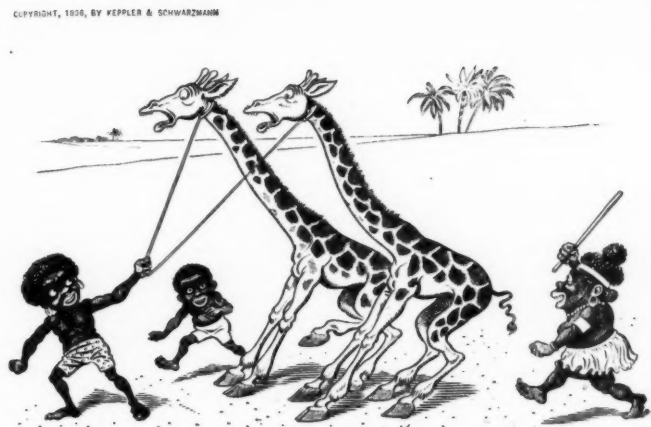
INFRINGING HIS PREROGATIVE.

NEW PARSON (*Deadgutch Tabernacle*).—I will now close the service with prayer.

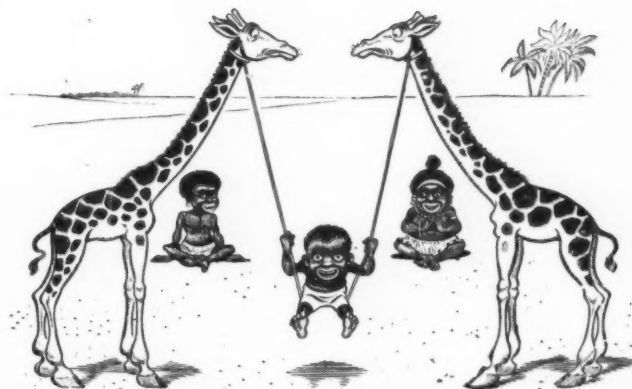
HEAD DEACON.—Hold on, Parson!—it's all right,—pray if yer want ter;—but services ain't supposed ter close in dis town till Tough Tomkins shoots de lights out.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL SWING.

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MR. BOO-LA-BOO.—Come 'long now! 'T ain't no use kickin'! We 's goin' to make a swing outer yo' fo' de chile.



MRS. BOO-LA-BOO.—'Cause dere ain't no trees 't ain't no reason de chile can't enjoy hisself.

SADDER STILL.

"For, of all sad words of tongue or pen," he murmured, "the saddest are these: 'It might have been!'"

Young Spooner's lip quivered.

"You 've never heard a girl say 'Nit,' have you?" he muttered, sadly.

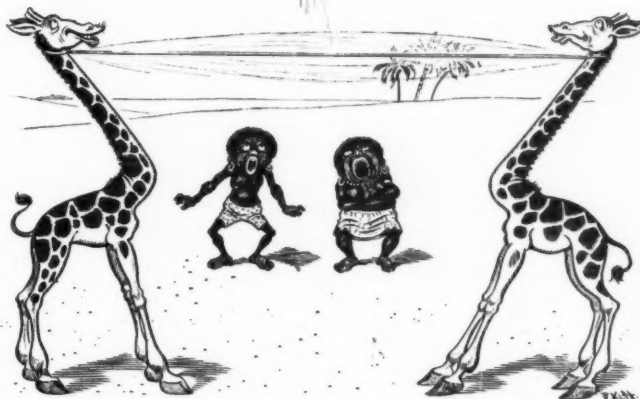
A SHORN SAMPSON.

DEACON MEEKER.—I understand there is a probability that Presiding Elder Pullem will be appointed chaplain of the penitentiary. I think he could accomplish great good there.

LAWYER GRIMM.—Doubtless, but it would be a barren field for the exercise of his great specialty—rounding up the crowd to pay the balance on the church debt.

MONEY is the root of all evil; but we all root for it.

MISFORTUNE is no respecter of persons;—and Fortune makes some very injudicious selections.



(The swing would have been all right had not the giraffes taken a mean but high-flown revenge.)

NO DANGER.

SNARK.—The anarchistic tendency of the modern novel is deplorable.

BOOJUM.—Well, if the Anarchists have n't any better plot than the novels, there 's no need to worry.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

"He must be passionately fond of reading."

"No; he 's only a bibliomaniac."

RING IN THE NEW.

"The ladies of the Church of Our Home have started a new sort of entertainment—no admission—nothing asked—and the people prefer it to the old style."

"Yes; I heard about it. An expert pickpocket mingles with the guests—far preferable."

FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

FIRST SMALL BOY (*contemptuously*).—Girly, girly!—wearin' a bathin'-suit to go swimmin'!

SECOND SMALL BOY (*aggressively*).—'T ain't so! My mother sewed my pants on, so 's I could n't take 'em off to go in swimmin'.

AN ERROR UP ABOVE.

"Mama," said the little comet to the big comet, "here 's a balloon."

"No, my child," replied the big comet, as it whizzed aloft; "that is n't a balloon;—it 's the price of ice."

HIS VIEW.

MAMA.—Grace has refused the Count.

PAPA.—I 'm glad of it. I hate all sorts of international complications.

HIS EXPERIENCE.

JONES.—There is a man with a great deal of faith in human nature.

SMITH.—I thought that was Klews, the detective.

JONES.—So it is. He has known people who were accused of all sorts of things, but *he* never could find anything against them.

WHEN THE office seeks the man, he seldom compels it to scorch.

AN INABILITY to make a long story short detracts much from some people's popularity.



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WHAT HE MISSED.

DRUMMER.—Could I show you a few goods, Mr. Rosenbaum?

ROSENBAUM.—Py heavens! you missed a big order py nod gedding here a liddle sooner. I shust dis minute failed!

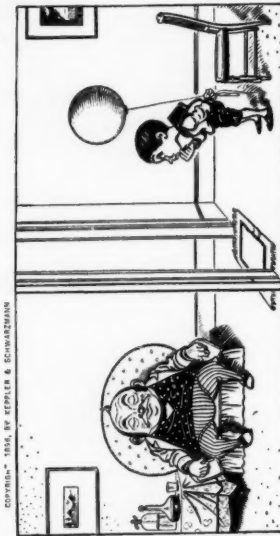


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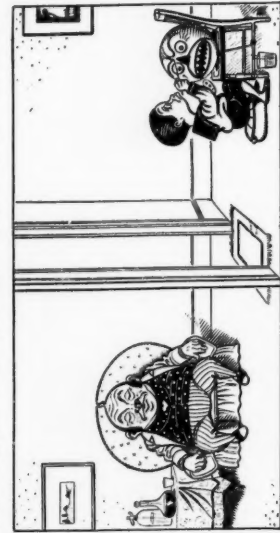
MUCH HIT WITH IT.

The force of habit is immense,
And quite beyond our cunning;
The one that May goes cycling in
I 've found extremely stunning.

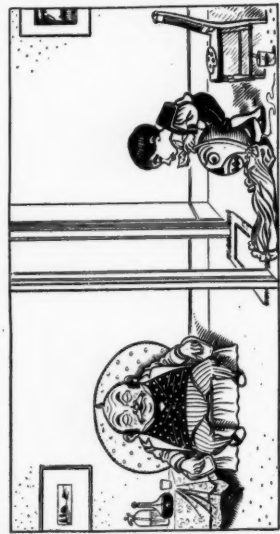
A HOME-MADE PHANTOM; OR, HOW LITTLE WILLY WORKED A DESIRED REFORMATION.



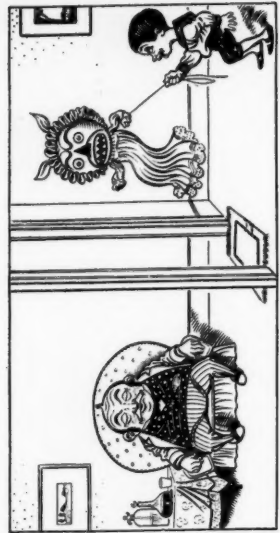
LITTLE WILLY.—Grandpop is drinkin' entirely too much of late, and it will have to be stopped.



"When I joined the Sons of Temperance I said I would work for the cause; and so I will."



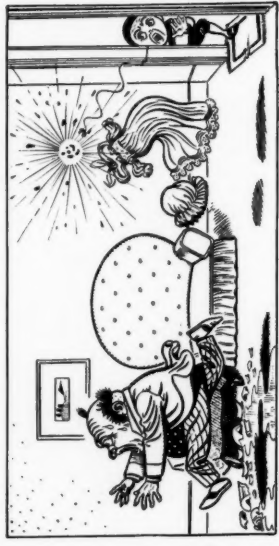
"It's a pretty tough job to tie this baby's dress on, but I'll manage it somehow."



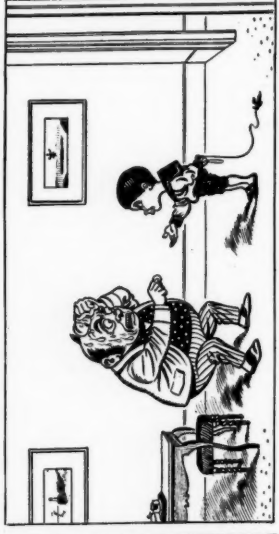
"And Bridget's dusting cap fits exactly. Now for the trial!"



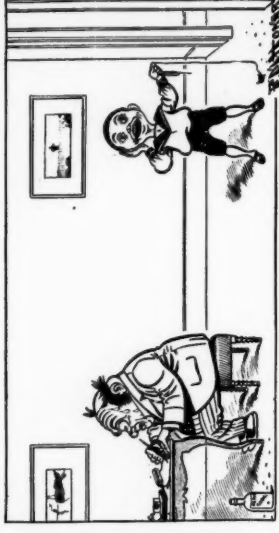
GRANDPOP (suddenly awakening, as the balloon floats through the room).—We-ow! I've got 'em at last! Help! Help!



GRANDPOP (rushing at the door as the balloon bursts).—Murder! Murder! Oh, Lord! There goes the crack of doom!



GRANDPOP (mopping the perspiration from his brow).—And you say you did n't see anything, Willy? Why—er—er—just go out and buy me a bottle of nerve- tonic, Willy; and let me have one of these blank pledges.



GRANDPOP (as he signs the pledge with a shaking hand).—I could have stood blue lizards and pink snakes, but when it comes to red-faced she-devils in their night gowns, who fire bones at you, it's time to quit.

HIS REFLECTIONS.

"It is a shame," soliloquized the tender-hearted proprietor of the railway restaurant, "the way people bolt their food here. No wonder we are the most dyspeptic people on the globe! And I suppose it would n't do a bit of good to put up a sign 'Eat slowly.'"

BROKE THE ICE.

SHE.—I wonder how the Soprano and the Contralto in our choir came to make up their quarrel?

HE.—I heard that Markdown's bargain advertisement in Sunday's paper was so very interesting that they could n't help talking to each other about it.

WILLING TO DIVIDE.

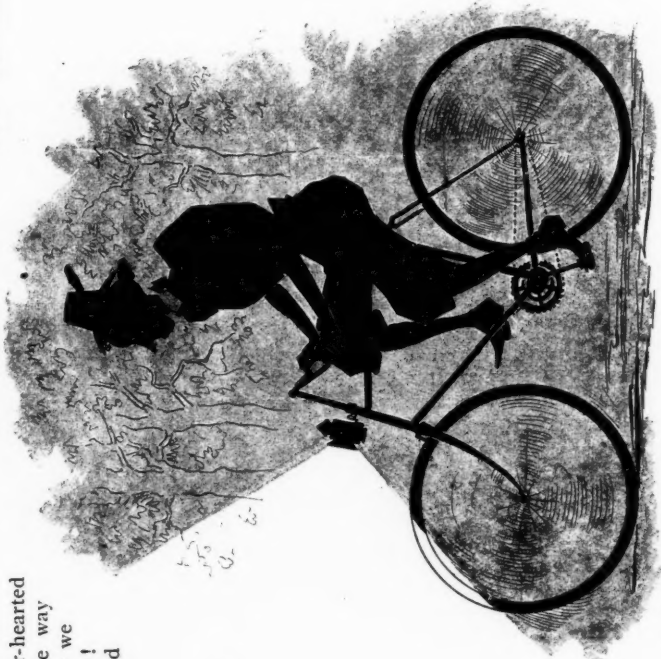
TEACHER (sternly).—Willy Waffles, give that chewing gum to me!

WILLY.—I'll let you have half of it.

WELL BEGUN is half done; but there is also a precept against doing things by halves.

It is a good thing for the world that its benefactors can not foresee their disappointments.

PUT TO DIFFERENT USES.



Miss Scraggs is perfectly content to use the lantern on her bicycle in the usual manner when she rides out at night.



But Bessie Prettyman knows how to use hers to better advantage.

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AN OLD STORY.

REV. DR. PRIMROSE.—Cheer up, my good man! You will get your reward in the next world, the land of pearly gates and golden streets. O'POOLE.—Oi don't believe a wur- rd av it. Shure, they wunst towld me the strates of New Yor-rk was paved wid gowld.

FULLY EXPLAINED.

SIMPSON.—You bought the stock on your broker's advice, did n't you?

THOMPSON.—Yes; he gave me four excellent reasons why it should go up.

SIMPSON.—What has he to say now?

THOMPSON.—He has given me four equally good reasons why it went down.

AN EASY QUESTION.

SHE.—I have been invited to contribute to the discussion of the question why some women desire titles.

HE.—Well, the answer is because some women are fools; but you will have to use your own judgement as to the best way of putting it.

"MAN WANTS but little here below." The earth, after all, is but a small portion of the universe.



PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

DEMOCRACY'S ECLIPSE.

MEN COME and go. Principles only are lasting. Men waver and change. Principles are changeless. Men make up the body of a political party. Principles form its only real life. These are truths that every Democrat should fix in his mind. From these springs the greater truth that Democracy can survive any defection and any eclipse. The party may rend and scatter itself, but its creed will glow as brightly as if its believers were united, and will stand steadfast against the return of repentant wanderers. Predictions are rife that the Democratic party, by reason of its action at Chicago will be "swept to destruction" and that no resurrection will be possible. The makers of such prophecies are thoughtless. They forget that Democracy is the name of a great social creed that means liberty and enlightenment to all; that it is the party of the people, and that its vitality has been too well tested to warrant the fear that it can be overthrown by cranks and dreamers who would legislate universal wealth into the world. There was danger at one time that the Chicago Convention would declare for free silver with incidental Democracy, and thus bring the faith into disrepute. That danger is past. The convention at Chicago touched Democracy so lightly and so rarely that no Democrat need be misled. The country now has a Free Silver party to exterminate, and that party for the first time in its history has come out into the open, where it may be fought effectively. We congratulate the real Democratic party upon the prospect of an early riddance from this blighting heresy. It had to come, and Democracy will be freed and purified at a comparatively trifling expense. We commend the courage of the Free Silver party in daring to fight fairly, and we extend to it the hand of honest hostility.

A LIBEL REFUTED. IT is rather late in the day for denunciations of the bicycle habit among women, but an organization calling itself the Woman's Rescue League comes valiantly to the front with one that is a scorcher. There is an alarming increase of immorality among the young women of the United States, it says, due chiefly to this craze; and if it is not quelled 75 per cent. of the cyclists will become invalids. Instead of being an instrument of health and pleasure and morality the wheel is declared to be "the Devil's Advance Agent." The author of this circular appears to be a young woman highly gifted with the wabbling logic that is sometimes said to be characteristic of her sex. The great objection to cycling, she says, is that "it is being universally taken up by women of the half-world." We dislike to take issue with an earnest woman on a point of fact, but this assertion is not true; and if it were true it would only mean that the "half-world" had taken to a sport that inevitably conduces to a sober and orderly life. In order to make her point, this hare-brained reformer would have to show, not that the "half-world" uses the bicycle, but that a majority of the women who ride the wheel become citizens of that shady country. We do not think she can do this. If we remember rightly, this same organization tried to do just this thing several months ago. It announced from Boston that of one hundred fallen women that were questioned, seventy had ridden the wheel; and the deduction was that wheeling must lead to immorality. But that, again, was getting into the argument through the side-door. For, to justify that conclusion, it would be necessary to show that a majority of women-bicyclists become "fallen" women. Worst of all, the author of the circular in question charges that certain ministers of the gospel have been led to recommend the bicycle through interested motives, — that is, that they have been subsidized by the manufacturers of bicycles. This is incredibly monstrous. If we believed it we should never enter another church, — of a pleasant Sunday when the roads were in good condition. Of course, there will always be silly, hysterical and prurient-minded women to denounce anything that is novel and popular. But it seems a pity that these moral buzzards should have alighted upon a sport that has done so much for the mental, moral and physical betterment of their sex. The bicycle is no more the "Devil's Advance Agent" than William McKinley is "Prosperity's Advance Agent."

COULD NOT ENUMERATE.

FRIEND. — Spent Sunday in New York, eh? Which hotel did you stop at?

THE COLONEL. — The hotels we stopped at were too numerous to mention.

HE FINDS THAT IT PAYS.

FIRST TRAMP. — I must get out to Indianny this Fall.

SECOND TRAMP. — What for?

FIRST TRAMP. — Well, Indianny is generally close an' doubtful, an' I most always go there to vote.

A SURE REMEDY.

DOLLIVER. — I understand there was an immense crowd at the Populists' picnic.

ROARER. — So there was; but our enjoyment was spoiled by the drenching rain.

DOLLIVER. — Why don't you get Congress to pass a law against rain?



TRAVELS ON HER SHAPE.

She cut a figure on the ice,
The fellows always sought her;
They do so still, because she cuts
A figure in the water.

A DIFFICULT TASK.

MANAGER. — You are to address that meeting on the twenty-fourth.

CAMPAIGN SPEAKER. — Am I? I suppose I'm expected to prove that McKinley knew what he was n't talking about.

NO FOOL LIKE AN OLD FOOL.

PROMINENT NATIVE (of Squam Corners, boastfully). — I guess we have in this village the oldest free silver man in the State — 'Squire Peakedhead, who was ninety-one years old last grass. What do you think of that?

CITY MAN. — H'm! I should think he ought to be old enough to know better.

"WHAT WE NEED," said the novice, as he picked himself up, is a wheel that is gentle, sound and kind, and warranted not to throw beginners."



PURELY A BUSINESS MATTER.

EASTERN MAN. — What's your politics?

WESTERN MAN (forcibly). — Free silver! First, last, and always!

EASTERN MAN. — Yes, I know; but I spoke of your politics, not your religion.

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NO PARTY LINES WHEN THE N

PUCK.



THE NATIONAL HONOR IS IN PERIL.

J. Ottumann Lith Co. Puck Building, N.Y.



MENTAL ARITHMETIC.

"How old is your little dollie?"
 "I don't know—"
 "You're not a very smart little girl, then, are you?"
 "Well, all I know is, I got the body on Christmas, and we bought a new head for her yesterday?"

PROGRESSIVE FINANCE.

BROWN.—Suppose they *did* coin silver dollars at the ratio of sixteen to one. What would be the next step?
 ROBINSON.—Why, then we could punch holes in them and declare them worth as much as they were before.



IN NEW JERSEY.

FIRST SUMMER BOARDER.—They say it is n't so long since wild animals were plentiful around here.
 SECOND SUMMER BOARDER.—Left on account of the mosquitos, I suppose?

A FACTOR IN THE CALCULATION.

POLITICIAN (*arranging for music at political meeting*).—Is n't that a big price? You may not have to play half a dozen times during the whole evening.

BRASS BAND LEADER.—But, my dear sir, we have to sit there and listen to the speeches.

DEFINED.

"Uncle Sam, what is an 'A. P. A.'?"

"Oh! Dickie, it is a person who will sell goods to Catholics, but won't buy any from them."

A MONSTER'S THREAT.

"By the beard of the prophet!" thundered the Sultan;
 "unless the faithful are more dutiful, I will allow the Metropolitan Traction Company of the City of New York to run cable cars in the streets of Constantinople!"

[T MAY be said, nowadays, that it takes all kinds of bicyclists to make a world.



LOOKING FOR ONE.

PATERFAMILIAS (*out of patience*).—See here, young man! it's half-past twelve!—have n't you got any home to go to?
 LOVER (*badly rattled*).—N-no, sir—not yet!

AN EFFETE ADVERSARY.

MR. SUNKLANDS (*a prominent citizen of Arkansas*).—Huh! Them Spaniards don't amount to nuthin'!
 MRS. SUNKLANDS.—Do you think the United States could lick Spain?
 MR. SUNKLANDS.—Shucks! Why, the State of Arkansaw alone can lick any nation under the sun that wears bangles on its pants!

A SIMPLER PLAN.

ISAACHEIMER.—Vot do dem fellers vant mit free silver, anyhow?
 COHENSTEIN.—Dey vant to pay dere debts mit feefty-cendt tollars.
 ISAACHEIMER.—Vy don't dey make an assignment undt be done mit id?

"POLITICS MAKES strange bedfellows," remarked the lion, as he prepared to divide his apartment with a lamb, in order to catch the vote of the wool-growers.



THE AUTHOR OF THE
 POPULAR EXPRESSION:
 "I DON'T THINK."



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AT THE ART GALLERY.

SHE.—Dey say dot bicture is worth t'ousands of tollars, undt ven it vos painted, near a hundred years ago, it vos sold for a song.

HE.—I vish dot my great-grandfader would haf knowed about id at der time.

THE PLAINT OF THE HOBBY-HORSE.

MY SPRINGS are rusty, a coat of dust
Obscures my saddle; my coat and mane
Lack grooming sadly, and I've been thrust
In this old attic, where I'll remain,
Perhaps, forever. My equine pride
Is crushed in knowing my master feels,
Instead of me, he would rather ride
A thing composed of a pair of wheels.



It's plain, my rider has quite forgot
The faithful charger who bravely tore
Through hurtling torrents of shell and shot
Each afternoon that he went to war.
Can he remember the morning when
I jumped the seventy-foot ravine

And saved his life from the rebel's men?—
Suppose he'd been on his wheel machine!

When riding over the lonely plains,
As cowboys are daily wont to do,
He often gathered my loosened reins
To speed my race from the savage Sioux.
In times when he was a noble knight,
I won each glorious tournament;
When highway-robbing, my splendid flight
Another horse in a mile had spent.

Yet I'm deserted and left to lie
In dust and darkness—alone, alone!
While his affections are conquered by
A poor, unreasoning, blind machine.
Ah! luckless fate! that I had n't died
Before this day when my master feels,
Instead of me, he would rather ride
A thing composed of a pair of wheels!

Layton Brewer.

BUNCOED.

HOBSON (*leaving the ball grounds*).—Bah! Base-ball is a regular skin game. Here I paid my money to see a game, and the game is called, on account of the darkness, with the score of nothing to nothing.

DOBSON.—Heavens, man! That is usually considered a *great* game.

HOBSON.—Yes; but I think they should give one a run for his money, anyhow.

HIS REASON.

ELDERLY PARTY.—Why do you smoke those nasty cigarettes?

NEWSBOY.—Can't afford cigars, Boss.

REVISED.

"It is not good form now to speak of 'an ocean greyhound.'"

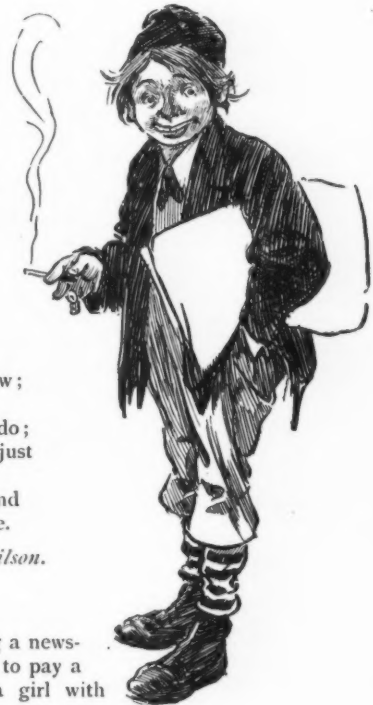
"What is the correct expression?"

"An 'ocean scorcher.'"

REFLECTION.

Our affairs are most important
From our private point of view;
We regard as really vital
What we think and say and do;
But, when we pause a moment, just
To see others at us stare
In wonder, we are shocked to find
They don't know we are there.

Wood Levette Wilson.



AN EASIER WAY.

SALLY GAY.—I have just been reading a newspaper item about a man who was compelled to pay a fine of one hundred dollars for kissing a girl with whom he was not acquainted.

DOLLY SWIFT.—Pshaw! He could n't have been very bright, or he would have known that it would have been much cheaper to have obtained an introduction and treated her to ice-cream soda.

IN CONFIDENCE.

FRIEND.—I understand that you advised Mrs. Jones-Brown to go abroad.

DOCTOR.—Yes; it won't do her any harm, and it will relieve me for a few months.



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HANDLE WITH CARE.

MOTHER (*at the shore*).—Now, you must be very discreet with the young men you may meet here, Louise.

ELDERLY DAUGHTER (*with a sigh*).—I know, Mama;—they scare dreadfully easy!

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Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

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All's Well

with the gown that is fastened with the DeLong Hook and Eye. It never unhooks except at the will of the wearer.

See that

hump?

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Also makers of the
CUPID Hairpin.

Children Cry

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Castoria

CASTORIA DESTROYS WORMS, ALLAYS
FEVERISHNESS, CURES DIARRHOEA AND
WIND COLIC, RELIEVES TEETHING
TROUBLES AND CURES CONSTIPATION
AND FLATULENCY.

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For Infants and Children

Do not be imposed upon, but insist upon
having Castoria, and see that the fac-simile sig-
nature of *Chas. H. Pitcher*
is on the wrap-
per. We shall
protect our-
selves and the public at all hazards.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., N. Y.

TO THE FRIGID
ZONE.

"Is it true that
young Wilson has
gone on a polar ex-
pedition?"

"Yes; he has gone
to Boston to see his
girl." — *Detroit Free
Press.*

THE man who is in
the hands of his friends
as a rule keeps their
hands pretty full.
— *Texas Sifter.*

TO THE everlasting
credit of the hen be it
said that she does not
lay around the streets
nights. — *West Union
Gazette.*

THE one concern
the projectors would
not object to see "go
up" is the Flying
Machine. — *Norristown
Herald.*

How we love a woman
who remembers
compliments that have
been paid her husband
years ago! — *Atchison
Globe.*



HARTFORD Single-Tubes are the
easiest and quickest to repair.
That saves time and patience. But
this point would be of little worth
apart from their strength, elasticity,
safety and hill climbing power. The
secret of making is ours. The tires
are yours for any bicycle.

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OF ANY DEALER.

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HARTFORD, CONN.

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per month without injury to health.
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Simply stopping the fat producing
effects of food. The supply being stopped,
the natural working of the system draws
on the fat and reduces weight at once.
Sold by all Druggists.



AT THE SODA
FOUNTAIN.

CUSTOMER.—Big list
of syrups you have there.

CLERK.—Yes, sir.

CUSTOMER.—Are those
the ones you're out of
just at present?



Pure Harmless Satisfying

**MAIL
POUCH
TOBACCO
ANTI-NERVOUS
ANTI-DYSPEPTIC**

"How did you come out in the last century run of the Tourist Bicycle Club?"
"Oh! *Fin de siècle.*" — *Yale Record.*

M. Stachelberg & Co's Havana Cigars

EST. 1857.

COSTLIEST BECAUSE BEST

SUCCESS AT A
BOUND.

"I understand,
then," concluded the
interviewer, "that
your success was
achieved at a bound?"
The India Rubber
Man nodded his head
gravely. — *Rockland
Tribune.*

WILLY.—Grandpa,
tell me a story.

GRANDPA.—Once
upon a time, before
people thought of
marrying for money—

WILLY.—Oh! I
don't mean a fairy
story. — *Norristown
Herald.*

"It is all over!"

As the woman uttered
these words she
dropped to the floor.

The baby had spilled
the ink. — *West
Union Gazette.*

SHE.—Was there
any particular thing
about the town which
struck you?

HE.—Yes; a bicy-
cle. — *Yonkers States-
man.*



"Women and Children First!"

When a Ship is wrecked at sea, women
and children have the first care. It
should be the same on shore—in life—
always protect the family against want
with reliable Life Insurance.

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Prudential

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Women and Men from ages 1 to 70.
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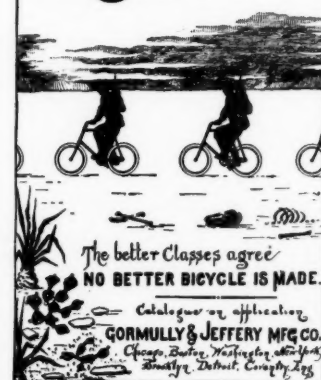
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in Northern Virginia. Prepares for advanced study and
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MARTINI
VERMOUTH
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GIN
TOM GIN
CHAMPAGNE

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liancy.

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Color to Gray Hair, Covers Bald Spots, Stops Dandruff,
Hair Falling, Scalp Disease, Etc. postpaid. Send to
London Supply Co., 861 Broadway, N. Y. FOR HARA BOOK AND KILL CORN FREE.

GRATITUDE is a good thing. A man should
feel some every day.—*West Union Gazette.*

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Dandruff,

Chafing, Itching,
Bad Complexion,
and Odors from Perspiration,
use that delightful antiseptic cleanser,

**Packer's
Tar Soap**

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and
Youth**

both derive great
and immediate
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TRADE MARK.

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ages—puts the body in sound, vigorous condition—
is a wonderful flesh producer. Invaluable to nursing
mothers and sufferers from wasting diseases.

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A HAPPY RESCUE.

NOVELIST (reading manuscript to EDITOR).—At this moment, high above the roar of the tempest, came
the dreadful cry of "Man overboard!"—all hands rushed to the rescue.
EDITOR (interrupting).—But I thought the ship was just about to go down, with all hands on board.
NOVELIST.—She is, sir—she is;—wait just one moment, and you'll see they rescue him in the nick of
time to go down with the rest.

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EASY

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CAUTION.—See that the
name Beeman is on each
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METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant,
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The X Ray Pipe Cleaner
will clean your pipe easily and effectively. Of any
dealer; or send 10 cents to P. O. Box 966, Philadel-
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of cycling depends upon
the saddle. Ours is
comfortable, healthful,
ventilated and durable.
\$3.50 **MESINGER**
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Solicitors.

LEARNED ALL ABOUT IT.

"So you went out driving with your new beau, Susie; and I expect he read
your heart like a book?"

"Yes, Mother; he read between the lines."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE CLUB = COCKTAILS

For the
Yacht,
Camping
Party,
Summer
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Fishing
Party,
Mountains,
Seashore,
or the
Picnic.



Manhattan.
Martini,
Whiskey,
Holland
Gin,
Tom Gin,
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and
York

All ready for use, require no mixing. Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one bottled and aged must be the better. Try our **York Cocktail**—without any sweetening—dry and delicious. For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S., and all druggists and dealers.
AVOID IMITATIONS. **G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.**
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A Golfer may be Proud

of his Stockings, even if his playing
makes him blush! But he must wear

The Shawknit Golf Stockings

THEY ARE THE HANDSOMEST.

They are made in worsted, in a great variety of color combinations,—in Scotch novelty effects, blocks and fancy patterns. Ask your dealer for them; ask him, too, to show you samples of Shawknit Bicycle Hose in cotton and worsted.

None genuine unless stamped **Shawknit** on the toe. **SHAW STOCKING CO.**
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A NATURAL INQUIRY.

MR. FLATDWELLER (telling a fairy story to the LITTLE FLATDWELLER).—And the King was furious. He roared with anger and stamped the floor—
LITTLE FLATDWELLER (interrupting).—Did the janitor come up and tell him to keep quiet?



Everybody needs a tonic part of the time, many people all the time—Abbott's Angostura Bitters is the tonic you need. At druggists.

The increase in the sales of *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne* is something enormous. Purity and superiority will tell.

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from Chicago and Milwaukee
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CENTRAL
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On His Simple Life.

BY

H. C. BUNNER.

ILLUSTRATED BY

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Young Men

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being held throughout the United States.

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30,000 positions just put under classified service,
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after the surgeon—the knife—
comes slow recovery.
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Pabst Malt Extract
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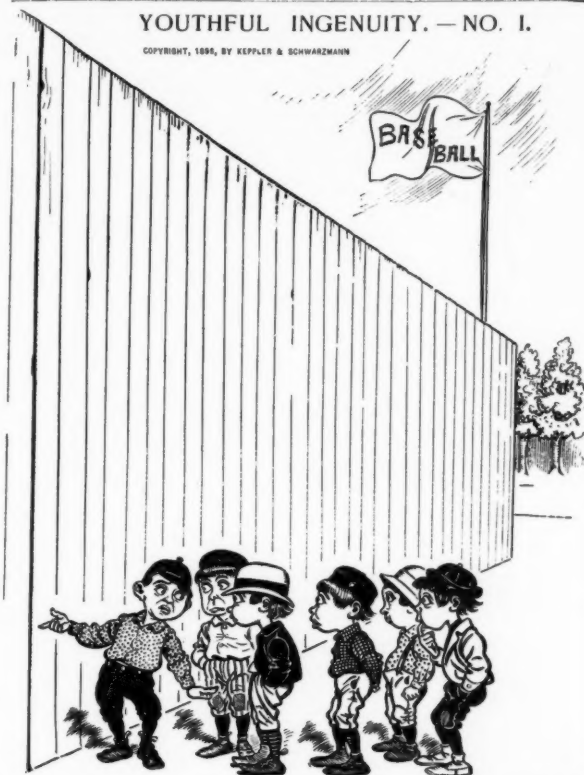
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YOUTHFUL INGENUITY. — NO. I.

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THE LEADER OF THE GANG.—Say, fellers, dere's only one crack in de whole fence. If we take turns we lose half de fun. What 'll we do?

Puck's Library

No. 108:

GUFF.

Being PUCK'S Best Things
About The Game Of Talk.

10 Cents Per Copy. \$1.20 Per Year.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

He's most polite, the candidate,
Just prior to election;
And after that you contemplate
An ossified affection.

—Washington Star.

POVERTY is no disgrace if the victim
does n't owe us anything. —West Union
Gazette.

Summer Time-Table on the West Shore Railroad.

The West Shore Railroad Summer Schedule went into effect Sunday, June 26th. There are many important changes and additions. The through car service between Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Asbury Park, Long Branch, Jersey City and Catskill Mountains, Saratoga and Lake George, went into effect on that day.

There are many improvements in the local service, and the time of several through-trains has been greatly reduced. The Catskill Mountain Express, which leaves New York at 10:45 A. M., will hereafter be known as the RIF VAN WINKLE FLYER. Both the time and service of this train has been greatly improved.

The Saturday Half-Holiday Express will leave New York at 1:00 P. M. and reaches the principal Catskill Mountain points in time for supper.

There has also been added a sleeping-car, which will leave New York on the 3:15 A. M. train, reaching the Catskill Mountains in time for breakfast Sunday morning; the sleeper can be entered at 9:00 P. M. Saturday night.

A return train will leave Catskill Mountain points late Sunday night, arriving in New York early Monday morning in time for business. This train will be appreciated and considered a great accommodation by business men who can not leave New York early on Saturday afternoon, permitting them to spend Sunday with their families in the Catskill Mountains.

VICTOR SUMMER VEST.



Opens in front. Has two pockets. A practical summer vest.
White Duck, Washable . . . each, \$1.00
Black or Navy Wool Serge . . . 1.50
Black Surah Silk . . . 2.00
Fancy Vesting (black, with blue silk dots), . . . 3.00
Sent by mail if you cannot get them in your town.
In ordering give waist measure.

HEWES & POTTER, 87 Lincoln Street, Boston.

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "100 Inventions Want-
ed." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway,
New York.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE.

31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St., Puck Bldg., NEW YORK.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beckman St.,
All kinds of Paper made to order.

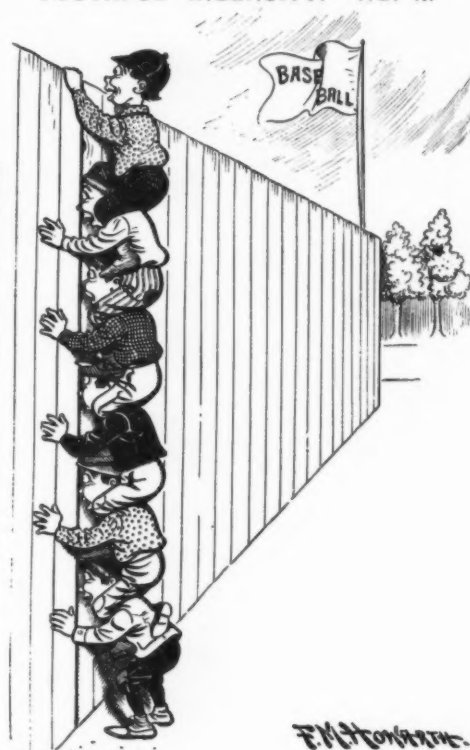
"AYE, Nestor, thou wast strong, indeed,"
mused Homer, as he gazed thoughtfully upon
the discarded butt. —Vale Record.

HOTEL TRAYMORE. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
Appointments complete. Location unexcelled.
D. S. WHITE, JR., Proprietor.

THERE are people who never care for
music except when they play the first
fiddle. —Ram's Horn.

Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned South
American Tonic, can not be successfully imitated in
this country. Insist on having the only genuine,
prepared by Dr. Siegert.

YOUTHFUL INGENUITY. — NO. II.



F. H. H. H. H. H.

THE GANG (after one of them had suggested
an idea).—Play ball, dere! Play ball!

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No. 109:

HOT STUFF.

Being PUCK'S Best Things
About Simmering Summer.

10 Cents Per Copy. \$1.20 Per Year.

LIFE'S UPS AND DOWNS.

Once more these sad conditions come
To grieve the country and the town.
The mercury now runneth up;
The perspiration runneth down.

—Washington Star.

RICHMAN PENNILESS.

RETURNED TRAVELER.—Mr. Rich-
man could draw his check for a million
when I left. How much money has he
now?

CITIZEN.—He has n't any.

"Eh? Wha— Did he fail?"

"No; he died."—N. Y. Weekly.

EDISON'S definition of electricity is a
"mysterious fluid about which nothing
is known." The same definition could
with propriety be given to cheap board-
ing-house hash. —Norristown Herald.

THIS is the season of the year when
you can get what you don't want real
cheap. —Texas Sifter.



No. 972

"Ball-Bearing"

Bicycle Shoes

are made to fit and wear. They touch and support
the foot at every point. Many styles—high or
low-cut. Corrugated soles. Pratt Fasteners
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Look for Trade-Mark stamped on heel.
C. H. FARGO & CO. (Makers), CHICAGO.



BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

THE most absent-minded man we have heard of is one who was looking all about him
for his feet when he was sitting on them. —Atchison Globe.

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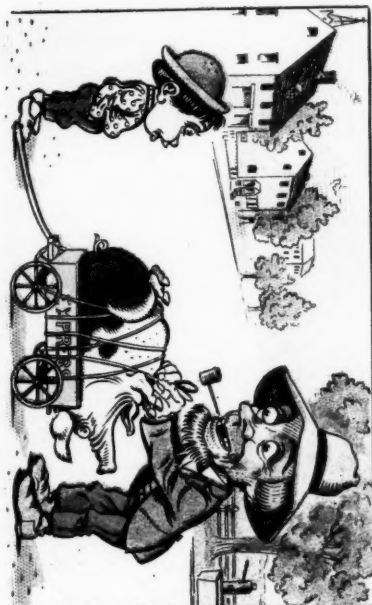
Address: PUCK, N. Y.



FARMER PORKINGHAM.—Confound it! If this ain't the derndest pig I ever seen! I'll never get him to market at this rate.



FARMER PORKINGHAM.—Ho! I have an idea! Say, Willy Green, loan me your express wagon; I'll bring it back to you safe and sound and give you five cents.



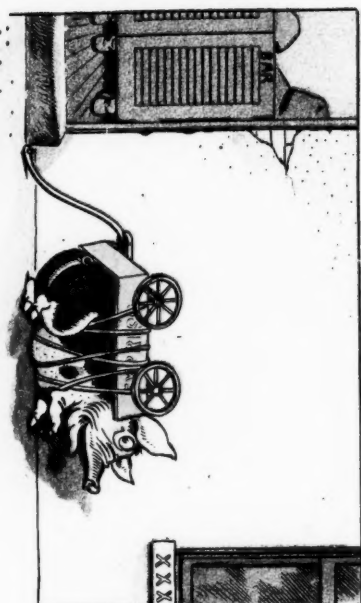
FARMER PORKINGHAM.—Ne-ow! I'll bet I get you to market, my fine feller! Who says us farmers ain't good contrivers?



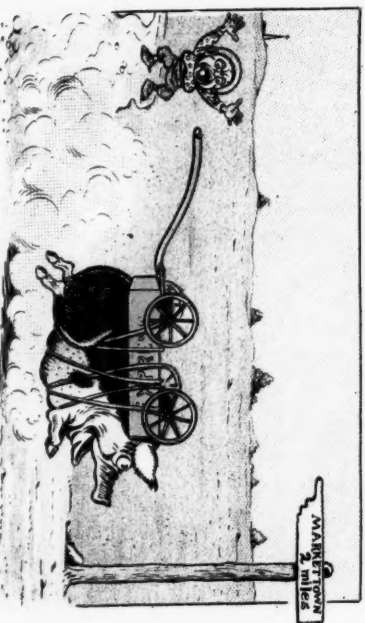
FARMER PORKINGHAM.—All right, Willy! I'll bring the wagon back to you in an hour, or pay you for it, sure! Oh! hain't I got a great head?



FARMER PORKINGHAM (*meeting friend*).—Tell you what, Cy, it takes more'n a nordinary pig to git ahead o' me! Let's go over and have some biters.



THE PIG (*as by a frantic effort he upsets the wagon*).—I was n't made to travel on my back, I was n't!



THE PIG.—It is a little inconvenient, I'll admit—but they don't get me to no butcher shop this day, they don't! There's the boy who owns this wagon! I wonder what he thinks?



THE CONSTABLE.—Oh! it's no use yer kickin'! Pay the boy for his express wagon, as you promised. We don't care nothin' about yer pig.



FARMER PORKINGHAM (*as he retraces his steps homeward*).—The next time I take pigs to market they go dead, yew kin betcher life!

THE OBSTINATE PIG.

THE STORY OF A PLAN THAT WAS OVERTURNED.